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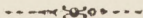
THE

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GOLD BRACELET.

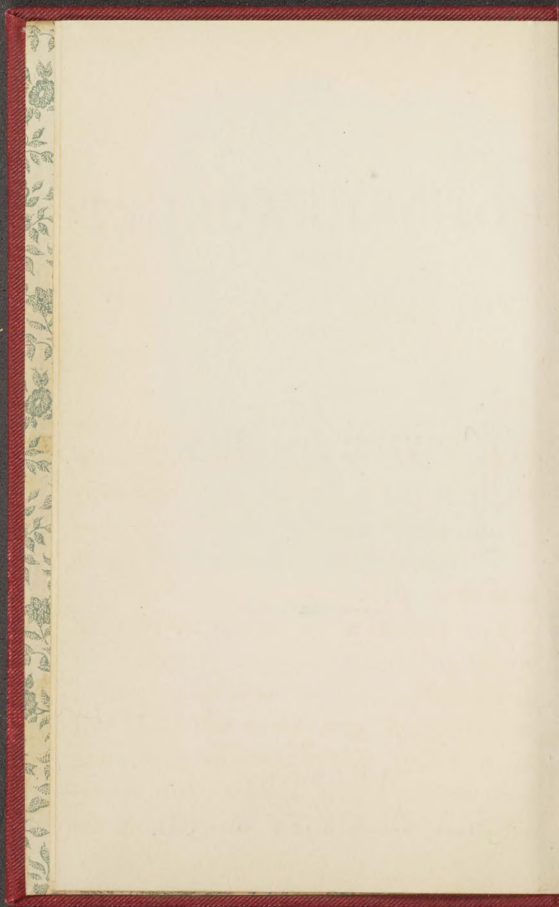
AND

OTHER STORIES.



BOSTON:

IRA BRADLEY & CO.



MARY ILFORD

AND

THE GOLD BRACELET.

FAIRMOUNT! Fairmount! Vine street! exclaimed the loud voice of the conductor of a city railway car, as he paused for a moment at the corner of the street to take up a passenger.

The last words were addressed to a young girl, meanly clad, who paused in doubt. It was just beginning to rain, and the poor girl, whom we shall call Mary Ilford, thought of the long, long walk to Fairmount, and her thin, worn-out shoes, which would so soon get wet

through; and then, glancing at the money in her hand, and considering that it was all her own earning, she came to the conclusion that she might afford herself a ride, just for once. Mary quietly sat herself in the farthest corner of the seat, blessed the first projector of city railways, and thought, in her simplicity, that he must have been a very good man indeed to make so great a sacrifice in order that the poor might now and then afford a ride.

"But for that," thought the grateful Mary, "I might have been walking home now, wet and tired, and most likely would have increased my cough, which is bad enough as it is." And as she reasoned thus the rain beat against the glass-windows and rattled down upon the roof of the cars.

The conductor pulled up the collar of his coat, and pulled down the brim of

his glazed hat, from which the wet rolled down in streams upon his shoulders shaking himself every now and then like a water-dog. He had no need to exert his voice; the car was soon full, and might have been filled twice over. It would have been so, in fact, but for the stout opposition of several of the passengers, who were already half-stifled with the heat and crowd, together with the necessity of having the windows up.

There was an old gentleman who took the conductor's part upon all occasions, and kept on declaring that there was room, and squeezing himself into the smallest possible space in order to accommodate some dripping passenger. He was ready to hand every one in—to take charge of and pass forward the children and the parcels. He felt that there were many around him who might

not be able to afford the fare. Perhaps he could not have done so himself very well, for as the light of the setting sun fell upon him, one might have observed that his loose black coat was much worn about the collar and cuffs, and looked as if the owner had grown strangely thin since it was first made.

The last person whom the benevolent old gentleman and the conductor managed, from very opposite reasons, to make room for, was a young lady attired in a rich silk dress, a fine bonnet, and with gold bracelets on her arm, which glittered in the lamplight, and divided Mary's attention with the silk. Gathering her dress together, so as to avoid, as far as possible, its coming in contact with the coarser garments of her fellow-travelers, the lady settled herself as well as she could, paying but little regard to the comfort of others. She

would have had recourse to her scent-bottle, only that she had not room to put her hand into her pocket, and finally insisted upon having the opposite window open, by which means she got a refreshing current of air, and the benevolent old gentleman, who sat facing her, had the benefit of the rain.

"It serves me right," thought proud Mrs. Wilmot: "I should have ordered the carriage to wait for me; but then who would have dreamt of its turning out so wet? That stupid servant, not to be able to get a coach! Oh, how hot! I should not wonder if I were to catch some horrible fever from these mean-looking people. I would get out at once if it were not for the rain, and I should be sorry to spoil my bonnet the first time of putting on."

We quite agree with Mrs. Wilmot; it was a very pretty bonnet, and it would

have been a pity to spoil it; but not half so great a pity as it was to spoil the youthful countenance which it shaded by the look of scorn with which she glanced around on her human brothers and sisters, whom God alone had made to differ. But Mrs. Wilmot was young and thoughtless, and her faults were those of education and habit.

After a time most of the passengers got out, the benevolent old gentleman among the number, until presently no one remained but Mary and Mrs. Wilmot, who began to shake out her ruffled dress and feel a little more comfortable. Mary was the last to leave the car, and as she did so she stumbled over something, which proved to be one of the glittering bracelets she had so much admired. There was a few moments' delay while she waited for change; and when she again sprang forward,

Mrs. Wilmot was out of sight. Mary ran up one street and down another, but not a glimpse of the delicate bonnet was to be seen. She would have consulted with the conductor, but when she got back he had driven off; and the girl returned at length, wet-footed, in spite of all her care, to her humble abode, taking the bracelet with her.

It seemed the most unlikely thing in the world that Mary Ilford and Mrs. Wilmot should ever meet again; but, nevertheless, unlikely things do sometimes happen; and when unlikely things do happen thus, let us call them *providences*. A few weeks after the occurrence which we have just related, Mrs. Wilmot was stopped in the street by a little pale, smiling girl, who expressed the greatest delight at the accidental encounter.

“Perhaps you do not remember me,

ma'am?" said Mary, perceiving her astonished looks.

"No, indeed; how should I, when I never saw you in my life before, to my knowledge?"

"Not one evening?" asked the simple Mary; just as if Mrs. Wilmot would think of noticing a poor girl like her. "Not one wet evening, in a car?"

"Yes, I recollect now, I did get into a car, and was deservedly punished by losing a valuable bracelet."

"Why punished?" thought Mary, who was now in her turn bewildered.

"Perhaps you know something of the bracelet?" said Mrs. Wilmot.

"Yes," replied Mary, "I have it at home. I found it in the car after you got out, and searched everywhere for you. May I bring it to your house, or will you come back with me and fetch it? It is quite safe—I am so thank-

ful!" She paused, while a crimson flush passed over her pale face.

"What are you thankful for?" asked Mrs. Wilmot, who was much interested by Mary's appearance.

"That I did not take it out and sell it, a few nights since. I would have starved myself sooner; but I could not bear to see her starve."

"But you did not sell it?"

"No, ma'am; I hid it away out of sight, at the bottom of a box, for fear it might tempt others; and God helped us in our distress. Thanks be to him! I am well enough to work again now."

"You do not look very strong to work," said Mrs. Wilmot, as she walked by Mary's side, without even thinking of the strange contrast which she must have presented to the faded form and tattered garments of her companion. The Ilfords had been gradually going

down in the world since that night when Mary rode in the car.

“Dressmaking is not very hard work,” replied Mary, “but it hurts me to sit so many hours, although I am thankful to be able to do it.”

Mrs. Wilmot was lost in thought and forgot to answer. About ten minutes’ walk through poor streets, where she would scarcely have ventured had she been less preoccupied, brought them to Mary’s humble abode. The girl paused at the door, and hesitated, while another flush dyed her face and neck.

“You will not tell mother,” said she, “about my being tempted to sell the bracelet? It would grieve her so. She was very ill at the time, and the doctor said it was nothing but want of proper nourishment.”

“Do not distress yourself, my poor girl,” replied Mrs. Wilmot, kindly.

"My only wonder is that you should have withstood the temptation. It must be dreadful to see a parent suffer thus. I could not have imagined it possible that any one could be so very poor."

Never before had Mrs. Wilmot seen such a sight. The apartment was almost wholly destitute of furniture, and the younger children, pale and half clothed, clung around their sick mother, who was still too weak to leave her bed. The father had been only a few months dead, and Mary was now the sole support of the family. Mrs. Wilmot said but little, for her heart was full; but her fast-flowing tears bespoke her sympathy, and quite won the heart of the grateful Mary.

"You will come again," said she, as she followed her to the door; "will you not?"

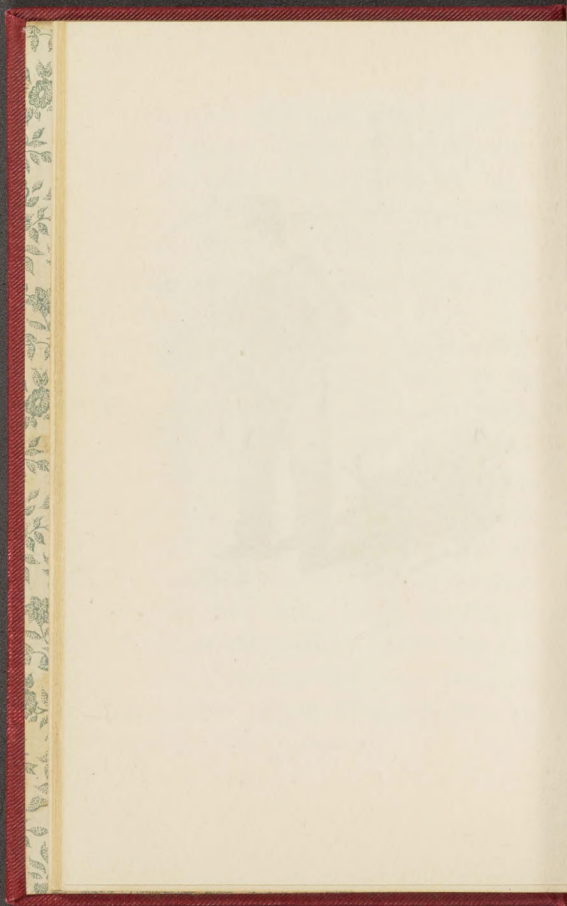
Mrs. Wilmot promised that she would.

It was no wonder that she lost her way going home; but it was a wonder to hear her utter no complaint against the close, crowded streets and poor inhabitants. She was beginning to respect as well as feel for the poverty of her fellow-creatures.

That day commenced a new period in the life of Mrs. Wilmot, and of little Mary Ilford also, who was soon afterward taken into her service, and a very gentle service she found it. One of Mary's sisters took her place at the dressmaking; the boys were apprenticed out; and Mrs. Ilford, whose strength was soon restored by good food and careful nursing, resumed her old trade of ironer and clear-starcher. Neither Mary nor her young benefactress will, in all probability, ever forget the ride in the car.

It is a blessed thing, in this world of trial and suffering, to have not only the





will, but the power to do good to others. But let us never forget that it is God who gives us both, and endeavor to do all to his glory and for his name's sake. What a sweet encouragement we find for this in the words of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. xxv. 40.

SLEEPING FLOWERS.

WHERE are the flowers?" said little Susan, in a mournful tone, as she walked round the garden with her mother for the first time after a long illness. It was in the month of February, but one of those soft sunny days which sometimes come to cheer us at this season, and Susan enjoyed being in the fresh air again. Still she asked her mamma, "Where are the flowers?"

Susan was a very little girl. It was only within the last year that she had begun to care for flowers; this was the



first winter that she noticed their departure. Here and there a faded china-aster or a drooping cardinal flower hung its head, as if grieving for the fair companions that had left it lingering alone upon the chilly earth; or a pale primrose struggled into early bloom, all unconscious of the many dangers by which it was threatened—of nipping frosts, and drifting snows, and sweeping rains, and howling tempests, that might soon meet to pour their fury upon its tender head. All the beautiful tribes that had enriched the garden during the summer and autumn months had vanished away; and Susan, as she looked around and saw little besides withered leaves and drooping stems, repeated her sad inquiry, “Mamma, oh where are the flowers?”

“The flowers will come again, Susan,” replied her mother; “they are only

sleeping; they will awake in spring. See, already the crocus is shooting from the earth, and you will soon see its tufts of grassy leaves forcing their way to the warm sunshine, and by and by the golden, white and purple flowers will press out, as if they were just trying whether Mr. Frost was gone, and whether they might safely venture abroad. And you will see the fair snowdrop that loves to stand beside the crocus, though it never lifts its head to look its companion in the face; and you will see the pretty hepatica and the scarlet and yellow japonica; all these will wake in March. Then, in April, what a garden of polyanthus and primroses we shall have, and anemones and wall-flowers, all waking to welcome the sun back again! Then May and June will call up their own flowers, until at last bright July will come to dress the garden in roses and pinks and

honeysuckles, and a thousand lovely things beside."

"Mamma," inquired Susan, "why do the flowers go to sleep?"

"That they may be strong. Susan, you know, would be very weak and tired if she never slept; but after her night's sleep how strong she wakes, and how fresh for work and play!"

"But the flowers do not work nor play," said Susan.

"No; but while they are awake they are always growing, and that is the same thing to them. You remember the beautiful scarlet passion-flower; how small it was when the gardener first put it in the ground, and how we were watching it as it grew taller and bigger from week to week; and now it is sleeping; it will grow no more until it wakes in spring."

"And Susan is growing too," said the

little girl, looking up to her mother's face with a very important air; but she saw tears in the affectionate eyes she looked into, and throwing her little arms round her mother's neck, she asked, "Is mamma crying for the flowers?"

"For the heavenly flowers, darling," answered her mother.

"Oh, are there flowers in heaven?" cried Susan, clapping her hands. "How lovely they must be! everything is beautiful in heaven!"

"There is everything in heaven, Susan, that will make the blessed ones there happy; but it is not of flowers, such as grow in the garden, mamma is thinking. Do you remember who the Bible says are like flowers?"

"People," replied Susan, in her child-like words—"everybody; men and women."

"And children," added her mother.

"And children," repeated Susan;
"Willie and Charlie."

"And Susan too, mamma's sweet blossom," cried her mother, folding the little one in her arms, as if she feared to lose her.

Willie and Charlie were in fact twin brothers of Susan's; and they had died in the summer from the same sickness that had laid Susan on her bed for months. "And how are children like flowers?" asked her mother.

Susan thought; and at last said,
"Willie and Charlie were so pretty."

"But it is not that," said the tender mother, vainly struggling to repress her tears. "Do you not remember the two moss-rose buds that were just by the parlor window a few days before you got ill; and how we used to say they were peeping in at us every morning as

we sat down to breakfast, and asking us to admire them? And one day, when we came down stairs, we found the sweet flowers hanging their pretty heads; a sharp wind had sprung up, and the flowers became weak and died; and so it was with Willie and Charlie." The poor mother wept; but her little Susan wound her arms fondly about her neck, and said, "And are Willie and Charlie only sleeping like the flowers?"

"Yes, love; they sleep safely in Jesus—blessed, loving Jesus, who came a child into this world, that all might know he feels for little children, and that, whether they wake or sleep, he is watching over them. Oh there are many sweet words in the Bible about the love that Jesus has for children. The prophet Isaiah tells that when he came, he would 'gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.'

And you remember what Christ said and did when his disciples wanted to hinder some of the people bringing their little ones to him ; he said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto to me, and forbid them not.' And then we are told, 'he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them.' Susan, it is very pleasant to think that, although the little bodies of dear Willie and Charlie are sleeping now, just as the flowers do in the winter, Jesus is caring for them, and they will wake again."

"Will they wake in the spring?" inquired Susan, looking up with deep interest.

"In that blessed spring, Susan," answered her mother, "when Jesus shall come in the glory of his Father, with his holy angels, that he may gather up all the sleeping bodies of those who love him, because he first loved them. But

come, now, if Susan is not tired, we will go and see the place where these heavenly flowers are sleeping."

Taking the little girl by the hand, the mother opened a wicket gate that led from the garden into a wood. At the end of the walk there was a stile, over which they went into a quiet but not gloomy churchyard.

"Here is the spot where they are sleeping, Susan," she said, as she led her forward to where two little graves, scarcely yet green, lay beneath the shelter of some spreading laurels; "but the graves shall be opened, and they shall awake from their sleep. There are some countries far off where the snow does not melt away until it is summer with us; and then the fields are green in three days, and in ten more the flowers are bursting from their buds and everything is beautiful; but that is

nothing to the suddenness with which these heavenly flowers shall spring into beauty, when Jesus the Sun of Righteousness shall shine upon their graves, and call to them, as he did once to Lazarus, 'Come forth.' Then they shall never need to sleep again : Jesus, the gracious Saviour, will have put an end to death for ever. The flowers in our garden must sleep winter after winter, but in the garden of the Lord there will be no winter, no sleep ; it will always be day, it will always be summer there. And now, Susan, when we think of Willie and Charlie, we will not think of them as dead and lying in the cold and dark and silent grave ; we will think of them as sleeping flowers ; we will think of them as redeemed by Jesus, their souls now in his presence, and their bodies soon to be raised, like flowers in spring, to blossom and bloom in the sunshine of

heaven, and never—never—to wither any more. May dear Susan believe in Jesus as her Saviour, knowing that he died on the cross that she might live for ever; and may she love to serve him here below, then dwell with him above!"

WILLIE CAMPION AND HIS SISTER MAY.

WILLIE CAMPION was a kind little boy, but so very thoughtless that it would be difficult to count up all the mischief he did from week's end to week's end.

Now the inkstand was overturned on the carpet, now the milk-pail was upset, now his mother's choicest flower was broken off at the root, now Betty's snow-white laundry was laid in the dust, and every one knew that Willie was the doer of it all; indeed, he never tried to deny or to excuse it, except by saying he *didn't*

think. "Bless his heart! he means no harm," said Kitty Cotton, when he had broken her fine basket of eggs; "he's only thoughtless." Ah! Kitty Cotton, there's many a one has lived a life of sin and died a death of shame of whom it was once said, "He is only thoughtless."

Willie lost his father when he was eight years old; but he had a good mother, who tried with all a mother's care to make him a steady and thoughtful boy; and when he hung lovingly on her neck, and said he was sorry for having vexed her, she felt sure Willie would learn to think at last, though he might have to read the lesson through many tears. And so he had.

Willie had a little sister called May, and he loved her very dearly; she was but two years old when Mr. Campion died, and as Mrs. Campion had many kinds of business to attend to, she left

May to her brother's care more than it was perhaps prudent to do. However, he loved his little sister so well there seemed not much danger of her getting any harm with him; and they were so happy together it was their mother's joy to see them at play.

May was a delicate child, and Doctor Grey had desired that she should be as much as possible in the open air, so that all their plays, when the weather would permit, were in the fields and gardens. There Willie would run races with her in his arms, or, taking her on his back, he would play beggar-man with her at the back door or the parlor window. As she grew older he would take her into a wood and show her the different kinds of trees, teach her to listen to the notes of the birds, or gather wild flowers to make garlands for her bonnet. When she was four years old, her mother got

her a pretty white donkey, on which she sat in a little chair-saddle, with Barrett the gardener holding the bridle at one side, and Willie running at the other, and longing for the time when he would be trusted to take care of her on her rides.

In this pleasant way they lived until Willie was twelve years old and May was six. One day Barrett was gone to the village to sell vegetables and fruit, and could not be spared to take the little one out on her donkey ride. Willie begged hard to be permitted to saddle the donkey and to take charge of May, but his mother said, "No." Now, May had a child's fancy for a ride that day, and Willie said, "I do not think, mother, I am very thoughtless now." His mother shook her head. "'A haughty spirit goeth before a fall,' my son," she replied. "'Be not high-minded, but

fear;' if you trusted yourself less, I would trust you more: go, my children, and content yourselves with a walk in the fields to-day."

Willie was obliged to submit. He took May into the fields, and they soon forgot their sorrow and were as happy as usual. As they walked along they found a wheelbarrow, which the laborers had been using to remove weeds and other rubbish, and Willie proposed to May that she should get in and he would wheel her round the field. She was delighted at the plan, and laughed merrily when she was seated in her rustic coach and the barrow rolled along. Several times she traveled the length of the field, enjoying it more and more; and then Willie stopped to breathe. In a little while he said, "Now, May, look at that clump of hawthorn at the other end of the field; see if I do



not make straight for that with my eye shut." "Oh, that will be fine!" cried May, clapping her hands; "drive off, coachman." Ah! had Willie stopped to think! but he did not; he closed his eyes—the wheelbarrow moved on with greater speed than before; while May, fearing nothing, but trusting to her brother's care, sung and laughed by turns, until a sudden shock stopped their progress and threw Willie back upon the grass. Springing up in affright, he found the wheelbarrow had been turned over by coming against a heap of stones which the laborers had piled together, and which lay far out of the line he had boasted he would follow. But where was May? Alas! poor May was hidden by the heavy barrow, one foot only appearing from under it. With great difficulty Willie raised the barrow and threw it over on the other side, and ther

took her in his arms. She did not cry, nor speak, nor stir—a faint moan was all the sign of life she gave; and then she lay quite still, her bright eyes closed and her lips and cheeks quite white. Willie had never seen any one faint, and he thought she was dead. He had killed her, he thought; and oh what a bitter thought that was!

It would be useless to tell what his feelings were as he laid the dear child in her mother's lap, or what that mother's feelings were when she saw her little darling pale and speechless. Dead, however, she soon saw she was not; and like a wise and tender parent, without spending time in vain cries or equally vain inquiries of Willie as to what had happened, she sent for Doctor Grey. As for the poor boy, he was quite wild. "I have killed her, I have killed her!" he sobbed out. "Oh, mother, I am so

unhappy ! I shall be always unhappy !” Nothing could persuade him that his sister was not dead until the kind doctor arrived ; and sad was the proof he then received that she was still alive. Doctor Grey found her ankle and leg very much injured. The sufferings of the dear child were sad indeed when the disjointed limb was replaced. But Willie felt far more than she did. It is hoped, however, that what he felt did him good, for from that hour he became very thoughtful, and the most frequent subject of his thoughts was, how he could make amends to his darling May for the injury he had done her : he was, indeed, learning his lesson through bitter tears, but he was learning it well.

For three months May never left her bed ; for three more she was either on her bed or her chair, before she was allowed to set her foot on the ground.

Alas! when she was allowed to attempt it, she was found to be lame. Willie was the first to perceive it, and he could not bear the sight; catching her up in his arms, he walked with her up and down the room, the tears rolling down his cheek. "Do not cry, Willie," she said, putting her face up to his. "Shall I not always have you to carry me? Oh I am very happy!"

And for four years it was Willie's greatest delight to carry her. He grew up a tall, stout lad, but poor May was a child in her looks to the last. Besides carrying her wherever she wished, he made for her with his own hands a pretty little spring carriage on four wheels, in which he used to draw her up and down the broad gravel-walk before the windows, where his mother could see them. He taught her also almost everything he knew, and learned many

new things himself that he might teach them to her. It was a pretty sight to see him showing her flowers, and mosses, and insects, and feathers, and a variety of other things, through a magnifying glass; or telling her all he knew about the stars on a cloudless night, while she looked up in his face as if she were thinking—"Willie, there is not a more clever boy than you in the whole world."

But Willie learned things far higher and more important than the knowledge of the stars: he was led to see himself a sinner, and Christ as the Saviour of sinners. From a child he had known the Holy Scriptures, but now he searched them for the salvation of his own soul, and he found it just in the way that the jailor at Philippi found it; just in the way that every one who "seeks" will find it—by faith in the Lord Jesus. Now, salvation is a treasure that no one

who has found it wishes to keep to himself; and Willie longed to have May partake of it with him. Day after day, as he bore in his arms or drew her in her carriage, he told her of a "Good Shepherd carrying the lambs in his bosom," and "giving his life for the sheep;" and May's little heart warmed to the subject; and, before she knew he was going to call her to himself so soon, she gave her heart to Jesus, and longed to be with him. Shortly after she began to droop, and faded like a blighted flower. She died in her mother's arms, saying, "Good-bye, Willie, do not cry; I shall want no one to carry me in heaven. I am going to Jesus. Oh I am so happy!"

Willie Champion lived to be a thoughtful old man, who always sought to convince his little friends that a life of piety was a sure way to lead to a life of peace.

KITTY'S VICTORY;

OR,

“A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.”

DID I ever see the like? Here's this meadow nearly spoiled for mowing, with the grass all trodden down from one end to the other. The fences are all right, so it couldn't have been cattle; it must have been those troublesome children: I hear them in the woods now; they're always engaged in some mischief. They shall not come back this way, anyhow, if I have to sit by the stile all day."

All this Mr. Barker muttered to himself as he stood looking over the fence

into a meadow, where he had come to see if it would be ready for mowing the next day.

Cross old Mr. Barker, the children called him, for he seldom had a pleasant word for anybody, and they all disliked him so much that there was no end to the mischief they were ready to do him, provided they were not afraid of being found out. The apples on his trees which overhung the road were sure to be picked, as soon as they were ripe by other hands than his, because, the children said, "He was so mean, he never gave away any." Now, there was Mr. Kindly, who always had a pleasant word and look for every one: they never thought of touching his apples; for hardly a boy passed his orchard, when he was in it, without having his hands filled with apples when they were ripe, or his garden without an offer of a rose or pink,

or whatever flower might happen to be in bloom.

I do not want you to think that I mean to excuse the children for their treatment of Mr. Barker, for I have not a thought of such a thing. If they had tried to obey the Bible rule, they would have behaved very differently; for our Saviour says, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." I am only telling you what they did, not what they ought to have done.

However, if anybody ever had an excuse for being cross, Mr. Barker had on that afternoon; for a party of children had passed through his meadow, on their way to the woods, and, without thinking whether it would not be best to keep close by the fence, so as to tread down but little of the grass, they had walked here and there, just as it happened, and

had trodden several paths through it. Mr. Barker's temper did not improve as he crossed the field and saw all this; and he climbed the fence at the farther end, and sat down by the brook, resolved to send the first child who tried to return through the meadow home by the road, with a threat of a whipping if he or she attempted to come that way again.

The little trespassers, meanwhile, were enjoying themselves in the woods, picking flowers, playing hide-and-seek and hunting for berries; and they started to come home, little thinking of what awaited them after they had crossed the brook. Kitty Kindly and May Bell were a little in advance of the rest, and they reached the brook first. They were above the stepping-stones, where they crossed, when Kitty saw a pond-lily floating on the water in a quiet little nook, where the brook went softly, as if

fearful of disturbing the beautiful flower in its resting-place.

"Oh stop, May," said Kitty: "I must get this lily; and here's one for you, too," she added as she stooped to gather them. Her basket, which she had filled with flowers, was by her side, and she had thrown off her hat in her eagerness to get the flowers, when she was startled by a cry from May; and she turned to see what was the matter.

"Oh, Kitty!" said May, in a frightened whisper; "there's cross old Mr. Barker sitting by the fence; and we shall have to go back and go home by the road, for he'll never let us pass through his meadow, I know."

"Why, May," said Kitty, "it is a whole mile round by the road, and we cannot get home till dark, and then what will mother say?"

"We cannot help it," said May;



"there is nothing else for us to do ; and see, the other children have seen him, and they have stopped too."

"I think he will let us pass if we ask him pleasantly," said Kitty. "My father says he would not be half so cross if the boys did not tease him so, and that maybe he would be better if he did not live all alone in that gloomy house. Come, I will ask him to let us through, if you will come too." So Kitty beckoned to the other children to follow, and picking up her bonnet and basket, crossed the stepping-stones, the rest of the children timidly following. May laughed to herself at the idea of Mr. Kindly ever being like cross Mr. Barker, and thought that if anybody could make him good-natured, it would be little Kitty, who never had anything but gentle words and pleasant smiles for any one.

Mr. Barker was a little surprised when he saw the children coming toward him. He had thought that if they attempted to cross the meadow at all, it would have been at the other end, and that then they would have trusted to their swift running to escape from him. He was still more surprised when Kitty said, "Please, Mr. Barker, will you let us cross your meadow?"

No child had ever spoken so to him before, and as he looked into the sweet face of the little petitioner, his wrath was somewhat softened. Still he thought it would never do for him to yield, or all his meadows would be spoiled; so he said, "No, I will not have my meadows turned into a road; you have already trampled down much of the grass. You can go round by the road; that's the place to walk."

Kitty's heart beat very fast, and the

tears came to her eyes when she heard this, for she was not used to hear such cross tones; her voice faltered a little as she said, "Please, sir, do not send us round by the road; it is so far that it will be dark before we get home, and mother will be so alarmed. We are very sorry that we trod down your grass, but we did not mean to do any harm; we will be more careful now."

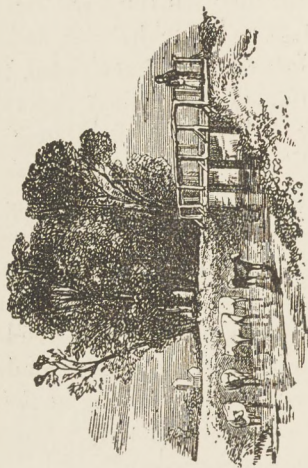
It was of no use for Mr. Barker to hold out any longer; he could not be cross while Kitty spoke so pleadingly, and he said, "Well, you may go back this way, as it is so late, but you must go close to the fence, and after the grass is grown it will be no matter."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Barker!" said Kitty; "and won't you take this basket of flowers home with you? I can get plenty more."

Mr. Barker took the flowers with a

gruff "Thank you," and the children went on their way, keeping close to the fence until they had crossed the field. He watched them all the way, and then turned to go to his solitary home, which Kitty's flowers brightened for two or three days. He kept them long after they were withered, and then one day, when Kitty was going to school, he gave her the basket filled with ripe pears.

As for Kitty's victory over Mr. Barker, the news of it spread all over the village, for the children told the story when they went home, and all the people wondered; but they need not have done so, for they each had a book which says, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."



NEVER SATISFIED.

I WAS sitting in my own room this morning, writing a story for the little boys and girls who go to my Sunday-school, when I heard a little boy of ten years who was passing through the hall say, "Oh dear! I wish I had not been brought up in the city; I do not like it; I know so many boys who live in the country, and they have glorious times."

Ay, little Frank, thought I, how many privileges you have which you could not enjoy if you lived out of town! You have a large museum of curiosities, where you can go with your

father and learn a great deal about foreign countries and strange animals. You can see large and fine pictures which are only exhibited in cities, and you can walk out in wet weather without going over shoes in mud, as you would be likely to do in the country. And then, by going only two or three times a year out of town to make a little visit, you enjoy it highly.

Now I know many young children of Frank's age who have passed all their lives in the country, and who have said the same thing about living in the city that he did about the country. And then I have shown them how many delights they had which town-children knew nothing about—large grassy meadows all spangled with dew; wide prospects of hills, rivers, and fields; clear, pure air; the whole view of sunrise and sunset; besides that pleasure to

which they looked forward all the year, of going to the city every autumn.

I showed to each child that it is very foolish to be dissatisfied with his condition, because it is for the very reason that the city child does not live in the country that he likes it; and it is because the country child does live there that he dislikes it.

It is only because children like novelty—new things—that they are not satisfied with their parents' home. You may always be sure that if on the whole anything different had been better for you, God would have given it to you.

There is one thought which ought to make us contented or satisfied with the condition in which we are placed, and that is the thought how soon we must leave it. It is not for the circumstances in which we are placed that we have to give an account, but how we im-

prove them. If you have "a sound mind in a sound body," you must consider that you have the richest gift of heaven, and never allow one murmur to rise from your heart.

If the birds were to sing the song, "Never satisfied, never satisfied," do you think it would sound like all that beautiful melody which you now hear from bush and grove, from forest and field?


When you read the Psalms, you do not find David only asking God for temporal blessings; he does not ask for a different kind of home in a different place; he is not dissatisfied with his food or raiment; he does not ask for different society, or complain of anything; but the prayers which you often hear from his lips are these: "Oh satisfy us early with thy mercy;" "Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation;"

“Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me.” These are what he chiefly desires—God’s mercy, God’s love, God’s presence. These are what he cannot be satisfied without.

Neither should the young be satisfied until they have these. You may ask your heavenly Father daily for such blessings, and he will not chide you for asking him, but will give you more and more. “Seek first the kingdom of God,” and all the earthly blessings you need, or ought to have, will be abundantly poured out upon you,

Be satisfied with God’s providences, and he will satisfy you with his rich mercy. In whatsoever station you are, learn therewith to be content.

THE HONEST CABIN-BOY.

OME years ago a fisherman died, and left a widow and a son named John. The widow had now lost her support: and it was thought that the boy should go to sea.

A little bundle of clothes was made up, and John was soon on his way to the sea-beach at Yarmouth. "Do you want a cabin-boy?" asked John. "No, I have boys enough," said one captain. "You are too small," said another. He found that nobody would take him. As he could not bear the thought of going back to his mother, he lay down on the shore and wept himself to sleep.

After some hours the poor boy awoke. There was not far off the captain of a ship that traded to St. Petersburg. John went up to him and asked if a boy was wanted on board his vessel. "Yes, I do want one; but I never take boy or man without a character." John thought for a moment, and looked about very sadly. He knew not what to do, when, putting his hand into his jacket pocket, he pulled out his small Bible. "I suppose this will not do?" said he, as he held it out to the captain. The captain opened it, and saw written on the first leaf, "John R——, given as a reward for diligence and good conduct at his Sabbath-school." "Yes, my boy," said the captain, "this will do; I would rather have this character than any other."

With his little bundle under his arm, John was soon on the ship. For some

time the sky was bright and the wind was fair. But when the vessel got a little further a storm came on. They tried hard to save the ship, but the captain began to think that the whole of the crew would be lost. In the midst of their distress, John was seen to come on deck with his school Bible in his hand. He then knelt down and read the sixtieth and sixty-first Psalms, while the captain and men stood around listening to him.

God had mercy on those in the ship, for soon the storm ceased, and in due time they got safely to St. Petersburg.

One day, while in the Russian port, John went on shore; it was the birthday of one of the royal family. The city was very gay, and rich gentlemen and ladies were seen in sledges or fancy cars, racing over the ice and snow. John was filled with wonder at the fine

sight before him. While looking at it, he saw a bracelet fall from the arm of a lady. He rushed forward to pick it up and called after the owner, but she was quickly out of sight.

John ran to the ship to ask what he ought to do, when the captain said, "Why, Jack, your fortune is made: these are all diamonds on the bracelet; I will sell them for you when we get home." "But they belong to the lady," said he. The captain replied, "Oh, you picked it up, and you cannot find the lady—it belongs to you." "If we should have a storm at sea, captain, as we go back, what would become of us?" "Ah, John," said the captain, who perhaps was only trying to see if he had got an honest cabin-boy, "you are right. I will go on shore and try to find the owner." After some trouble she was found, and as a reward she gave the boy

a large sum of money. By the captain's advice it was laid out in hides and furs, which, when the ship came to England, were sold for nearly double the price they cost.

As soon as John landed, he set off for his mother's cottage. But when he got to it, he found it shut up and the grass was growing about the door. "Oh," thought he, "my poor mother has died of want!" He looked about him in the greatest grief, when he heard some one call to him, "John, is that you?" It was a woman of the village who spoke to him. She then told him that his poor mother had gone into the work-house.

John was soon at the work-house gate, ringing the bell. "What do you want?" said the porter. "I want my mother," said John. The porter said she must not go out without an order; but John went in, fell on his mother's neck, then

putting her arm in his, marched to the old cottage. There he saw her placed in comfort, leaving her money to keep her; he went again to his ship. It is said that John was a good son to his mother from that day, and that he afterward became the mate of the same vessel in which he first left the shores of Yarmouth as an orphan cabin-boy.

We have now seen the good the Bible does with God's blessing. It was this book that gave John courage in a storm; it taught him to resist temptation and to be honest; it made him kind to his mother; and, we hope, it led him to know our Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. Young reader, this holy book speaks to you. It directs you to repent, and to forsake all sin. It points you to Jesus, the sinner's Friend. If you pray to God for his Holy Spirit, he will bless the reading of it to your hearts.

